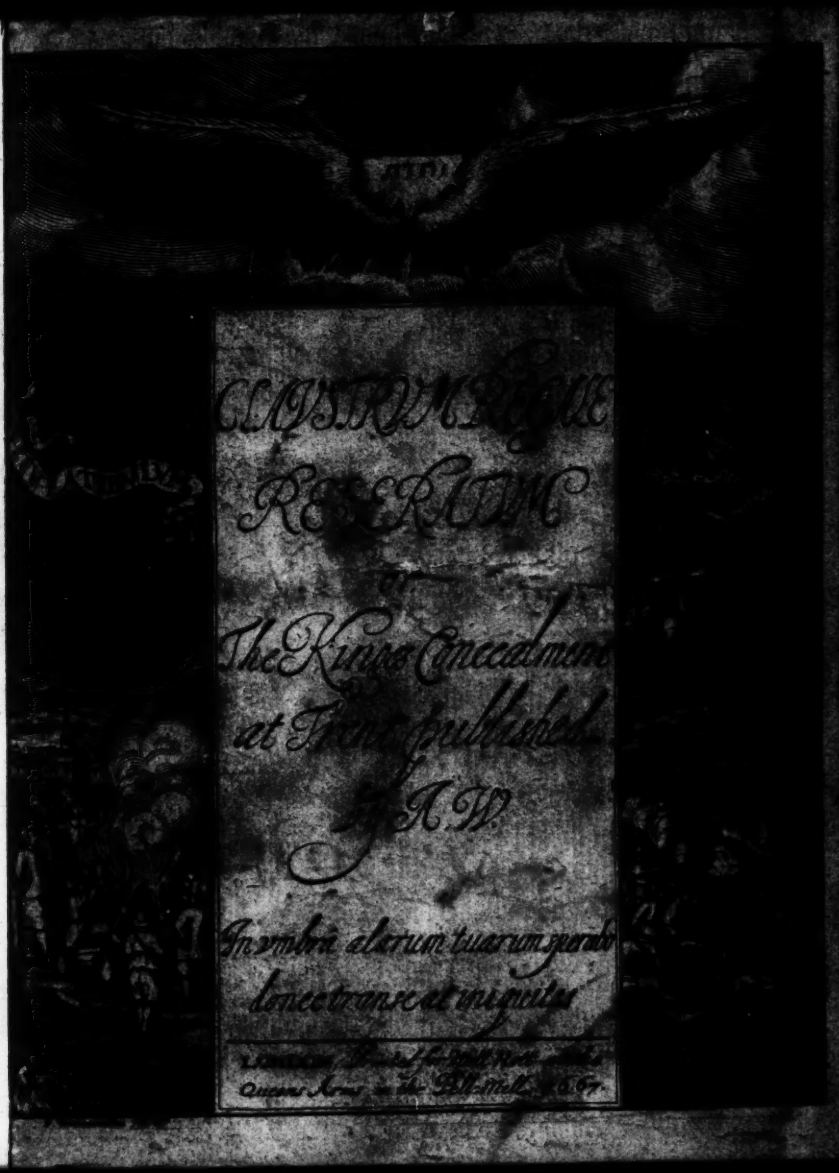

CLAVSTRVM REGIÆ RESERATVM

or

The Kings Concealment at Trent published by A. W.

In vmbra alarum tuarum sperabo donec transeat iniquitas

[illegible] Printed for [illegible] Queens Arms in the Bell-Mell [illegible]

UMI

UMI

TO THE

QUEEN'S

Most Excellent

MAJESTY.

THis little Book having obtained liberty, after a long Imprisonment, to walk abroad, prostrates it self at Your Majesties feet for patronage and protection. In it Your Majesty may behold GOD's wonderful Mercy and Providence, in keeping and preserving our Gracious Soveraign from the hands of His Enemies, when they so pleased

themselves with the hopes of seising His Sacred Person after the Battel of Worcester, *As they had invented and prepared new ways to afflict His Majesty, such as till then never entred into the hearts of the worst of Tyrants before them. But it pleased God to frustrate the hopes and designs of the Kings Adversaries, and to restore His Majesty to His Fathers Throne: Which that He may long enjoy with Your Majesty, in Health, Peace and Happiness, Is, and shall be the prayers of*

Your MAJESTIE's

Most obedient, and most

Faithful Servant,

ANNE WYNDHAM.

Clauſtrum Regale Reſeratum:

OR,

The KING'S

Concealment

AT

TRENT.

HOw that after the Battel of *Worceſter*, His Sacred Majeſty moſt wonderfully eſcaped the hands of his blood-thirſty Enemies, and (under a Diſguiſe, in the company of Mrs *Jane Lane*) ſafely arrived at *Abbots-Leigh* in *Somerſetſhire*, (the ſeat of Sir *George Norton*, lying near to the City of *Briſtol*) hath been fully publiſhed unto the World. His Majeſtie's Journey from thence to the houſe of Colonel *Francis Wyndham* at *Trent* in the ſame County, his Stay there, his Endeavour

deavour (though fruſtrate) to get over into *France*, his Return to *Trent*, his final Departure thence in order to his happy Tranſportation, are the ſubject of this preſent Relation. A Story, in which the Conſtellations of Providence are ſo refulgent, that their light is ſufficient to confute all the Atheiſts of the world, and to enforce all perſons (whoſe faculties are not pertinaciouſly depraved) to acknowledge a watchful Eye of GOD from above, looking upon all Actions of Men here below, making even the moſt wicked ſubſervient to his juſt and glorious deſigns. And indeed, whatſoever the Antients fabled of *Gyges's* Ring, by which he could render himſelf Inviſible, or the Poets fancied of their Gods, who uſually carried their chief Favourites in the Clouds, and by drawing thoſe aerial Curtains, did ſo conceal them, that they were heard and ſeen of none, whilſt they both heard and ſaw others, is here moſt certainly verified. For, the Almighty ſo cloſely covered the King with the wing of his Protection, and ſo clouded the Underſtanding of his cruel Enemies, that

that the moſt piercing Eye of Malice could not ſee, nor the moſt Barbarouſly-bloody Hand offer Violence to his Sacred Perſon: God ſmiting his purſuers (as once he did the *Sodomites*) with blindneſs, who with as much eagerneſs ſought to ſacrifice the Lords Anointed to their fury, as the other did to proſtitute the Angels to their luſt.

But before the ſeveral Particulars of this Story are laid open, two Queſtions (eaſily foreſeen) which will be readily asked by every Reader, call for an Anſwer. The one is, Why this Relation ſo much expected, ſo much longed for, has been kept up all this while from publick view? And the other, How it comes to paſs, that now it takes the liberty to walk abroad? Concerning the firſt, it muſt be known, that a Narrative of theſe Paſſages was (by eſpecial command from his Majeſty) written by the Colonels own hand, immediately after the Kings return into *England*; which (being preſented to his Majeſty) was laid up in his Royal Cabinet, there to reſt for ſome time, it being the Kings pleaſure (for

reaſons

reaſons beſt known to his Sacred ſelf) that it ſhould not then be publiſhed.

And as his Majeſties command to keep it private, is a ſatisfactory anſwer to the firſt; ſo, his licence now obtained that it might travel abroad, may ſufficiently reſolve the ſecond queſtion. But beſides this, many prevalent reaſons there are, which plead for a publication; the chief of which are briefly theſe. That the implacable Enemies of this Crown may be for ever filenced and aſhamed; who having neither Law, nor Religion to patronize their unjuſt undertakings, conſtrued a bare Permiſſion, to be a Divine Approbation of their Actions; and (taking the Almighty to be ſuch a one as themſelves) blaſphemouſly entitled God to be the Author of all their wickedneſs. But the arm of God ſtretched out from heaven to the reſcue of the King, cutting off the clue of their Succeſs, even then when they thought they had ſpun up their thred, hath not left them ſo much as an apron of fig-leaves to cover the nakedneſs of their moſt ſhameful proceedings.

The next is, That the Truth of his Majeſtie-

jesties Escape (being minced by some, mistaken by others, and not fully set forth by any) might appear in its native beauty and splendor: That as every dust of gold is gold, and every ray of light is light; so every jot and title of Truth being Truth, not one grain of the treasure, nor one beam of the lustre of this Story might be lost or clouded; it being so rare, so excellent, that aged Time out of all the Archives of Antiquity can hardly produce a Parallel. Singularly admirable indeed it is, if we consider the Circumstances and Actors. The Colonel (who chiefly designed, and moved in this great Affair) could not have had the freedom to have served his Majesty, had he not been a Prisoner; his very Confinement giving him both a liberty, and protection to act. For, coming home from *Weymouth* upon his Parole, he had the opportunity to travel freely and safely, without fear of being stopped, and taken up: And being newly removed from *Sherborne* to *Trent*, the jealous eye of *Somersetshire* Potentates had scarce then found him out, whose malevolent Aspect afterwards seldom suffered

him to live at home, and too too often furnished his house with very unwelcom guests. Others, who contributed their assistance, were persons of both sexes, and of very different conditions and qualities: And although their endeavours often proved successless, though they received discouragements on one hand, were terrified with threats on the other; That a seal of silence should be imprinted upon the lips of Women, who are become proverbial for their garrulity; That faithfulness and constancie should guard the hearts of Servants, who are usually corrupted with rewards, or affrighted with punishments; That neither Hope nor Fear (most powerful passions, heightned by Capital animadversions proclaimed against All that should conceal, and large Remunerations promised to such as should discover the King) could work nothing upon any single person, so as to remove him or her from their respective duty, but that all should so harmoniously concenter, both in the Design, and also afterward keep themselves so long close shut up under the lock of secrecy, that nothing could be discovered

vered by the moſt exquiſite art and cunning, till the bleſſed Reſtauration of his Majeſty to his glorious Throne, ſo filled their hearts with joy, that it broke open the door of their lips, and let their tongue looſe to tell this Miracle to the amazed World, would (were not the Perſons yet alive, and the Story freſh in memory) ratifie it into a Romance.

The reproaches and ſcandals, by which ſome envious perſons have ſought to diminiſh and vilifie the faithful ſervices, which the Colonel out of the integrity of his ſoul performed unto his Majeſty, ſhall not here be mentioned: Becauſe by taking up dirt to beſpatter him, they defile their own hands, and the gun they level at his Reputation, recoils to the wounding of their own.

Theſe things thus premiſed, by way of Introduction, open the Gate, through which you may enter, and in the enſuing Pages (as in ſeveral Tables) take a full view of the Particulars.

The Diſguiſe his Majeſty put on, ſecured him from the Cruelty of his Enemies; but

could not altogether hide him from the prying eyes of his dutiful Subjects. For in the time of his ſtay at *Leigh*, one *John Pope* (then Butler to Sir *George Norton*, but formerly a Soldier for the King in the Weſt) through all thoſe clouds eſpied the moſt Illuſtrious Perſon of the King. With him his Majeſty (after he ſaw himſelf diſcovered) was pleaſed familiarly to diſcourſe; And ſpeaking of the great Sufferings of very many of his Friends in the Weſtern parts, (moſt whereof were well known to *Pope*) his Majeſty enquired if he knew Colonel *Francis Wyndham*, who (in the time of the late Wars) was Governor of *Dunſter*-Caſtle? Very well, Sir, anſwered *Pope*. The King then demanding what was become of him? *Pope* replies, That the Colonel had married Mrs *Anne Gerard*, one of the daughters and heireſſes of *Thomas Gerard* Eſq; late of *Trent* in *Somerſetſhire*, and that he had newly brought thither his Mother (the Lady *Wyndham*) his Wife and family, and that he believed the Colonel intended there to reſide and live. His Majeſty having received this intelligence concerning the

Colonel,

Colonel, together with an exact information of the ſcituation of *Trent*, fought an opportunity to ſpeak with Mr *Lane*, (from whom, the better to conceal himſelf, he then kept at a diſtance) and by means of M^r *Laſſels* (who accompanied the King in this journey) obteining his deſire, his Majeſty with much contentment imparted to Mr *Lane* what *Pope* had informed him concerning Colonel *Wyndham*, and his habitation; telling her withall, That if ſhe could bring him thither, he ſhould not much doubt of his ſafety.

In this very point of time comes the Lord *Henry Wilmot* (ſince Earl of *Rocheſter*) from *Dirham* in *Glouceſterſhire* (the ſeat of *John Winter* Eſq; a perſon of known loyalty and integrity) to *Leigh*. My Lord had attended his Majeſty in his paſſage Weſtward, and on Friday morning (*September* the 13.) met accidentally Captain *Thomas Abington* of *Dowdſwell* in the County of *Glouceſter*, at *Pinbury* Park; and being known by the Captain, (who had ſerved under his Lordſhip in the Wars) was that night by him conducted to Mr *Winter's*, from whom his

Lordſhip

Lordship (as he hath often since acknowledged) received great Civilities. Mr *Lane* presently reveals to the Lord *Wilmot* the Kings resolution to remove to *Trent*: whereupon my Lord demanded of *Henry Rogers* (Mr *Winter's* servant, and his Lordships guide from *Dirham* to *Leigh*) whether he knew *Trent*? He answered, That Colonel *Wyndham* and his Master had married two Sisters, and that he had often waited on his Master thither. These things so happily concurring, his Majesty commanded the Lord *Wilmot* to haste to *Trent*, and to ascertain the Colonel of his speedy Approach.

His Lordship took leave, and continuing *Rogers* for his guide, with one *Robert Swan*, arrived at *Trent* the sixteenth of *September*. *Rogers* was sent in forthwith to the Colonel to acquaint him, that a Gentleman a friend of his, desired the favour of him, that he would please to step forth and speak with him. The Colonel enquiring of *Rogers*, whether he knew the Gentleman or his business? answered, No, he understood nothing at all, but only that he was called by

by the name of *Mr. Morton*. Then without further diſcourſe the Colonel came forth, and found the Gentleman walking near the Stable; whom as ſoon as he approached, (although it was ſomewhat dark) he ſaluted by the Title of *My Lord Wilmot*. His Lordſhip ſeemed to wonder that he ſhould be known, but it was nothing ſtrange, conſidering the Colonels former acquaintance with him, being one of the firſt that engaged under his Command, in his late Majeſties ſervice: Beſides, his Lordſhip was not in the leaſt altered, except a Hawk on his fiſt, and a *Lure* by his ſide might paſs for a Diſguiſe. This Confidence of his Lordſhip really begat admiration in the Colonel, calling to mind the great danger he was in, and whoſe Harbinger he was; For he advertiſed the Colonel, that the King himſelf was on his way to *Trent*, intending that very night to lodge at *Caſtle-Cary* (a Town ſix miles thence) hoping by Gods aſſiſtance, to be with him about ten of the clock next morning.

At this joyful news the Colonel was tranſported, (there having run a report, that his

Majeſty

Majeſty was ſlain in the Fight at *Worceſter*) and giving God thanks for his wonderful mercy, he aſſured his Lordſhip, *That for his Majeſties preſervation he would value neither his life, family nor fortune, and would never injure his Majeſties confidence of him; Not doubting, but that God who had led his Majeſty through the midſt of ſuch inexpreſſible dangers, would deliver him from all thoſe barbarous threats, and bloody intentions of his Enemies.* With theſe and ſuch like expreſſions, the Colonel brought the Lord *Wilmot* into his parlour, where he received an exact account of his Majeſties condition, and preſent affairs.

Next morning, the Colonel found it neceſſary to acquaint the Lady *Wyndham* his mother, and alſo his own Lady, with the particulars the Lord *Wilmot* had overnight imparted to him, concerning the King. The relation he gave them, did not (through the weakneſs of their ſex) bring upon them any womaniſh paſſion, but ſurprized with joy, they moſt cheerfully reſolve (without the leaſt ſhew of fear) to hazard all, for the ſafety of the King. And ſo (begging Gods bleſſing

blessing upon their future endeavours) they contrive how his Majesty might be brought into the house, without any suspition to their family, consisting of above twenty persons. Among them therefore, *Mr Julian Coningsby* (the Lady *Wyndham's* Neece) *Elianor Withers*, *Joan Halsenoth*, and *Henry Peters* (whose loyalty to the King, and fidelity to themselves, they had sufficiently experienced) are made privy to their design. Next they consider what Chambers are fittest for his *Majesties* reception. Four are made choice of, amongst which, the Lady *Wyndham's* was counted most convenient for the day-time, where the servants might wait with most freedom upon his Majesty. Then a safe place is provided to retreat unto, in case of search, or imminent danger. And lastly, Employments are designed to remove all others out of the way at the instant of his *Majesties* arrival. All which after a while, answered their desires, even beyond their expectation.

Between nine and ten the next morning, the Colonel and his Lady walking towards the fields adjoining to the house, espied the

King riding before Mr. *Lane*, and Mr. *Laffels* in their company. Affoon as his Majesty came near the Colonel, He called to him, *Frank, Frank! how dost thou do?* By which gracious pleasance the Colonel perceived, that though his Majesties habit and countenance were much changed, yet his Heroick spirit was the same, and his mind immutable. The Colonel (to avoid the jealous eyes of some neighbours) instantly conveyed the King and Mr. *Lane* into the Lady *Wyndham's* Chamber, where the passions of Joy and Sorrow did a while combat in them, who beheld his Sacred Person: For what loyal Eye could look upon so Glorious a Prince thus eclypsed, and not pay unto him the homage of tears? But the consideration of his Majesties safety, the gracious words of his own mouth confuting the sad reports of his untimely death, together with the hope of his future preservation, soon dried them up. In a short time the Colonel brought the Lord *Wilmot* to the King, and then the Ladies withdrew into the Parlour, having first agreed to call Mr. *Lane* Cousin, and to entertain her with

the

the ſame familiarity as if ſhe had been their near Relation. That day ſhe ſtayed at *Trent*, and the next morning early *M^r Laſſels* and ſhe departed.

His Majeſty, after he had refreſhed himſelf, commanded the Colonel in the preſence of the Lord *Wilmot*, to propoſe, What way he thought moſt probable for his Eſcape into *France*; for thither he deſired with all ſpeed to be tranſported. The Colonel (the King giving him this opportunity) entertained and encouraged his Majeſty with this remarkable paſſage of Sir *Thomas Wyndham* (his Father) *Who, not long before his death* [*in the Year 1636*] *called unto him his five Sons, (having not ſeen them together in ſome years before) and diſcourſed unto us* [ſaid he] *of the long Peace and Proſperity this Kingdom had enjoyed under its Three laſt Glorious Monarchs. Of the the many Miſeries and Calamities which lay ſore upon our Anceſtors, by the ſeveral Invaſions and Conqueſts of Forein Nations, and likewiſe by Inteſtine Inſurrections and Rebellions. And notwithſtanding the ſtrange mutations and Changes in* England, *He ſhewed,*

how it pleased God in love to our Nation to preserve an undoubted Succession of Kings to sit in the Regal Throne. He mentioned the healing Conjunction of the two Houses of York and Lancaster, and the blessed Union of the two Crowns of England and Scotland, stopping up those fountains of Blood, which by National feuds and quarrels kept open, had like to have drowned the whole Island. He said, he feared the beautiful garment of Peace would shortly be torn in pieces through the Neglect of Magistrates, the general Corruption of manners, and the prevalence of a Puritanical faction, which (if not prevented) would undermine the very pillars of Government. My sons! We have hitherto seen serene and quiet Times: but now prepare your selves for cloudy and troublesom. I command you to honour and obey our Gracious Soveraign, and in all times to adhere to the Crown: and though the Crown should hang upon a Bush, I charge you forsake it not. These words being spoken with much earnestness, both in gesture and manner extraordinary, he arose from his chair, and left us in a deep consultation what the meaning should be of---The

Crown hanging upon a Bush. *These words, Sir,* (said the Colonel) *made so firm an impression in all our breasts, that the many afflictions of these sad Times cannot raze out their indelible characters. Certainly these are the days which my Father pointed out in that Expression; And I doubt not God hath brought me through so many dangers, that I might shew my self both a dutiful Son, and a loyal Subject, in faithfully endeavouring to serve your Sacred Majesty, in this your greatest Distress.*

After this Rehearsal, the Colonel (in obedience to his Majesties command) told the King, That Sir *John Strangmays* (who had given many testimonies of his loyalty, having two Sons, both of them Colonels for his Royal Father) lived but four miles from *Trent*; That he was a person of great fortune and interest in *Dorsetshire*, and therefore he supposed that either Sir *John*, or his Sons, might be serviceable to his Majesties occasions. The King, in prosecution of this proposal, commanded the Colonel to wait on them; and accordingly the next morning he went over to *Melbury*, the place

where

where Sir *John* dwelt. No sooner was he come thither, but he met with Colonel *Giles Strangways*, and after usual salutations, they walked into the Park adjoyning to the house, where Colonel *Wyndham* imparted the reason and end of his present Visit. Colonel *Strangways* his answer was, That he was infinitely grieved, because he was not able to serve his Majesty in procuring a Vessel according to expectation; That he knew not any one Master of a Ship, or so much as one Mariner that he could trust: All that were formerly of his acquaintance in *Weymouth*, being for their loyalty banished, and gone beyond the sea; and in *Pool* and *Lime* he was a meer stranger, having not one Confident in either. A hundred pounds in Gold he delivered to Colonel *Wyndham*, to present to the King; which at his return, by command was deposited in the hands of the Lord *Wilmot*, for his Majesties use.

About this time the Forces under *Cromwell* were retreated from *Worcester* into the several Quarters of the Country; some of which coming to *Trent*, proclaimed the Over-

Overthrow of the Kings Army, and the Death of the King, giving out that he was certainly killed; And one of them affirmed that he saw him dead, and that he was buried among the reſt of the ſlain, no injury being offered to his body, becauſe he was a Valiant Soldier, and a Gallant man. This welcome News ſo tickled the Sectaries, that they could not hold from expreſſing their joy by making Bonfires, firing of Guns, Drinking, and other jollities: And for a cloſe of all, to the Church they muſt, and there ring the Kings knell. Theſe rude Extravaganoids moved not his Majeſty at all, but onely (as if he were more troubled for their madneſs, than his own misfortune) to this moſt Chriſtian and compaſſionate Expreſſion, *O the poor people!*

Now though the King valued not the menaces of his proud Enemies, being confident they could do him no hurt; yet he neglected not to try the faithfulneſs of his Friends to convey him out of their reach. Thus the former deſign proving unſucceſsful, and all hope of Tranſportation that way being laid aſide, the Colonel acquainted his

his Majesty, that one Captain *William Ellesden* of *Lime* (formerly well known unto him) with his Brother *John Ellesden*, (by means of Colonel *Bullen Reymer* of *Wadden* in *Dorsetshire*) had conveyed over into *France*, Sir *John Berkley* (now Lord *Berkley*) in a time of danger. To this Captain therefore his Majesty sends the Colonel, who lodging at his house in *Lime*, took an opportunity to tell him, That the Lord *Wilmot* had made his escape from *Worcester*; that he lay privately near to him; and that his Lordship had earnestly solicited him to use his utmost endeavours to secure him from the hands of the pursuers. To this purpose he was come to town, and assured the Captain, if he would joyn in this affair, his courtesie should never be forgotten. The Captain very cordially embraced the motion, and went with the Colonel to *Charmouth* (a little place near *Lime*) where at an Inne, he brought to him a Tenant of his, one *Stephen Limbry*, assuring the Colonel that he was a right honest man, and a perfect Royalist. With this *Limbry* Colonel *Wyndham* treated under the name of Captain

tain *Norris*, and agreed with him to transport himself and three or four friends into *France*. The conditions of their Agreement were; That before the two and twentieth day of that instant *September*, *Limbry* should bring his Vessel into *Charmouth*-Road, and on the said two and twentieth, in the night should receive the Colonel and his company into his Long-boat from the Beach near *Charmouth*, from thence carry them to his Ship, and so land them safe in *France*. This the Colonel conjured *Limbry* to perform with all secresie, because all the Passengers were of the Royal party, and intended to be shipped without leave, to avoid such Oaths and Engagements, which otherwise would be forced upon them: And therefore Privacie in this transaction would free him from Danger, and themselves from Trouble, the true cause why they so earnestly thirsted (for some time) to leave their native Country. *Limbry's* Salary was Sixty pounds, which the Captain engaged to pay at his return from *France*, upon sight of a Certificate under the Passengers hands of their landing there. To the performance

of these Covenants, *Limbry* with many vows and protestations obliging himself, the Colonel with much satisfaction, and speed came back to his Majesty and the Lord *Wilmot* to *Trent*, who at the narration of these passages expressed no small contentment.

The business being thus far successfully laid, the King consults how it might be prudentially managed, that so there might be no miscarriage in the prosecution. Necessary it was that his Majesty and all his Attendants (contrary to the use of Travellers) should sit up all the night in the Inne at *Charmouth*; that they ought to have the command of the house, to go in and out at pleasure, the Tide not serving till twelve at night. To remove therefore all suspicion and Inconveniencies, this Expedient was found out.

Henry Peters (Colonel *Wyndham's* servant) was sent to *Charmouth* Inne, who inviting the Hostess to drink a glass of wine, told her, That he served a very gallant Master, who had long most affectionately loved a Lady in *Devon*, and had the happi-

ness

neſs to be well beloved by her; and though her Equal in birth and fortune, yet ſo unequal was his fate, that by no means could he obtain her Friends conſent: And therefore it was agreed between them, that he ſhould carry her thence, and marry her among his own Allies. And for this purpoſe his Maſter had ſent him to deſire her to keep the beſt Chambers for him, intending to be at her houſe upon the two and twentieth day of that moneth in the evening; where he reſolved not to lodge, but only to refreſh himſelf and friends, and ſo travel on either that night, or very early next morning. With this Love-ſtory (thus contrived and acted) together with a Preſent delivered by *Peters* from his Maſter, the Hoſteſs was ſo well pleaſed, that ſhe promiſed him, her houſe and ſervants ſhould be at his Maſters command. All which ſhe very juſtly performed.

When the day appointed for his Majeſties journey to *Charmouth* was come, he was pleaſed to ride before Mr *Julian Coningsby* (the Lady *Wyndham's* Neece) as formerly before Mr *Lane*: The Colonel

was his Majesties Guide, whilst the Lord *Wilmot* with *Peters* kept at a convenient distance, that they might not seem to be all of one company.

In this manner travelling, they were timely met by Captain *Elesden*, and by him conducted to a private house of his Brothers among the hills near *Charmouth*. There his Majesty was pleased to discover himself to the Captain, and to give him a piece of forein Gold, in which in his solitary hours he made a hole to put a ribbin in. Many like pieces his Majesty vouchsafed the Colonel and his Lady, to be kept as Records of his Majesties favour, and of their own fidelity to his most Sacred Person in the day of his greatest Trial. All which they have most thankfully treasured up as the chiefest Jewels of their Family.

This Royal Company from thence came to the Inne at *Charmouth*, a little after night; where Captain *Elesden* solemnly engaging to see the Master of the ship ready, (the wind blowing then fair for *France*) took leave of his Majesty. About an hour after came *Limbry* to the Inne, and assured the

Colonel all things were prepared, and that about midnight his Long-boat should wait at the place appointed. The set hour drawing nigh, the Colonel with *Peters* went to the Sea-side (leaving his Majesty and the Lord *Wilmot* in a posture to come away upon call) where they remained all night expecting; but seeing no Long-boat, neither hearing any message from the master of the ship, at the break of day the Colonel returns to the Inne, and beseeches the King and the Lord *Wilmot* to haste from thence. His Majesty was intreated; but the Lord *Wilmot* was desirous to stay behind a little, promising to follow the King to *Bridport*, where his Majesty intended to make a halt for him.

When the King was gone, the Lord *Wilmot* sent *Peters* into *Lime*, to demand of Captain *Elesden* the reason why *Limbry* broke his promise, and forfeited his word? He seemed much surprised with this message, and said, He knew no reason, except it being Fair-day, the Seamen were drunk in taking their Farewell; and withall advised his Lordship to be gone, because his

stay

ſtay there could not be ſafe. But ſince that, *Limbry* himſelf hath given this account under his own hand: ——

That according to an Agreement made at *Charmouth*, *September* the 19. 1651. betwixt himſelf and one Captain *Norris*, (ſince known to be Colonel *Francis Wyndham*) he put forth his Ship beyond the *Cobs-mouth* into *Charmouth-rode*, where his ſervants on the 22. of the ſame moneth were all ready in her, waiting his coming; That he going to his houſe about ten that night, for linen to carry with him, was unexpectedly locked into a chamber by his Wife, to whom he had a little before revealed his intended Voyage with ſome Paſſengers into *France*, for whoſe Tranſportation, at his return, he was to receive a conſiderable ſum of money from Captain *Eleſden*.

This woman (it ſeems) was frighted into a panick fear by that dreadful Proclamation (of the tenth of *September*) ſet out by the Men of *Weſtminſter*, and publiſhed that day at *Lime*. In this, a heavy Penalty was thundred out againſt all that ſhould conceal the King, or any of his party who were at *Worceſter*

ceſter Fight; and a Reward of a Thouſand pounds promiſed to any that ſhould betray him. She, apprehending the Perſons her husband engaged to carry over to be Royaliſts, reſolved to ſecure him from danger, by making him a Priſoner in his own chamber. All the perſwaſions he uſed for his liberty, were in vain: For the more he intreated, the more her violent paſſion increaſed, breaking forth into ſuch clamors and lamentations, that he feared if he ſhould any longer contend, both himſelf and the Gentlemen he promiſed to tranſport, would be caſt away in this ſtorm, without ever going to Sea.

Thus a Deſign in a buſineſs of the higheſt nature, carried on with induſtry and prudence, even to the very laſt, ſtill promiſing full hope of a happy production, by one mans ſingle whiſper (the bane of Action) proved abortive. For no doubt, had *Limbry* kept his counſel, he had gained the honour of Conveying over his Majeſty; of whoſe Noble Courage and Vertue, God was pleaſed to make yet farther trial, as the ſequel will inform.

The

The King passing on upon *London* Road from *Charmouth*, met many travellers, among whom was one of his Fathers servants, well known both to his Majesty and the Colonel; who were very well pleased that he was not guilty of so much Civility, as to give either of them the complement of a Salutation. As they drew near to *Bridport*, the Colonel riding a little before, and entring the town, perceived it full of Soldiers: whereupon stopping his horse till the King came up, he inreated his Majesty to keep on, and by no means to put himself into the mouth of them, who gaped greedily after his destruction. Nevertheless, the King having engaged to the Lord *Wilmot* to expect him there, (without the least apprehension of danger) rode into the *George*, and alighting in the Court, was forced to stay there, and in the Stable, near half an hour, before the Colonel could procure a Chamber. All this while his bloody Enemies were his onely Companions, with whom he discoursed freely without fear, and learned from them their intended Voyage for *Jersey* and *Guernsey*, and their

Design

Design upon those Islands. Here may you see the Pursuers overtaken, and the bittereſt of Enemies friendly discourſing with Him, whose utter Ruine they accounted would compleat their Happineſs. He that sate in Heaven certainly laughed them to scorn, and by the interposition of his mighty Arm eclypsed their glory, and by his admirable Wisdom reproved and confuted their malice against the King, and their blaſphemies against Heaven.

No sooner had the King withdrawn himself from this dangerous Company into a Chamber (with much difficulty obtained) but *Mrs Coningsby* espied *Peters* riding into the Inne. He (being beckned up) acquainted his Majesty, that the Lord *Wilmot* humbly petitioned him to make haste out of that place, and to overtake him slowly passing on the road, and waiting his Majesties coming. Presently upon the dismission of *Peters*, the King having taken some small repast, not far from the Town joyned in company again with the Lord *Wilmot*, and discourſing of the several Adventures of that hopeful, and (as it fell out) most

perilous Journey, concluded that *London*-Road was very unsafe, and therefore resolved to follow the next Turning which might probably lead towards *Yeavill* or *Sherborn*, neither of which is computed to be above two miles distant from *Trent*. Providence (the best of Guides) directed these Strangers (for so they were all to those parts) to a way, which after many hours travel brought them into a Village, in which was a small Inne for entertainment. This entred these masqued Travellers, to enquire where they were. And to this purpose calling for some Beer, the Host of the house (one *Rice Jones*) came forth, and informed them that the place was called *Broadwinsor*. The Colonel knew the Innkeeper and his wife to be very honest, loyal persons, and that for their fidelity to the King and his party, they had (according to their condition) undergone their share of troubles. The King understanding the affection of the people, resolves to lodge in the house that night, it being already somwhat dark, and his Majesty and Company sufficiently wearied with their former nights watching,

and that days travel. The Colonel (while the horſes were put up) deſired Mr. *Jones* to ſhew him the moſt private rooms; the reaſon he gave was, Becauſe his Brother-in-law Colonel *Reymes* (whom the Lord *Wilmot* perſonated) had been a long time impriſoned, as well as himſelf; That they had lately obtained their Paroles, and to be ſeen together ſo far from their homes, might create new jealouſies, and ſo conſequently cruſh them with new troubles. The good Hoſt upon this brought them up into the higheſt chambers, where Privateneſs recompenſed the meanneſs of the Accommodation, and the pleaſantneſs of the Hoſt (a merry fellow) allayed and mitigated the wearineſs of the Gueſts. Now the face of things began to ſmile, which all the day and night preceding looked ſo louring and ill-favoured. But this ſhort Calm was on a ſudden interrupted by a violent Storm. For in comes the Conſtable with almoſt Forty Soldiers to be billeted that very night in the Inne: All the lower Receptacles were thronged up with this unexpected Company; ſo that the King was in a manner

beſieged, there being no paſſage from above, but through thoſe ſuſpected Guards. Thus every place brought forth its troubles, and every period of time diſcloſed freſh dangers! Shortly after the Soldiers had taken up their Quarters, a Woman in their company fell in labour in the Kitchin. The pangs ſhe endured, made the Inhabitants of that place very ill at eaſe, fearing leſt the whole Pariſh ſhould become the reputed Father, and be enforced to keep the Child. To avoid this charge, the chiefeſt of the Pariſh poſt to the Inne, between whom and the Soldiers aroſe a very hot conflict concerning proviſion to be made for the mother and the infant. This diſpute continued till ſuch time as (according to orders) they were to march to the Sea-ſide. This quarrelſom Goſſipping was a moſt ſeaſonable diverſion, exerciſing the minds of thoſe troubleſom Fellows, who otherwiſe were likely to have proved too too inquiſitive after the Gueſts in the houſe; the ſad conſequences of which, every loyal heart trembles to think on.

Surely we cannot, except we wilfully

ſhut

ſhut our own eyes) but clearly ſee, and with all reverence and thankfulneſs adore the Divine Goodneſs for his Majeſties ſignal Deliverances in this Voyage. Eſpecially if looking back upon *Charmouth*, we conſider the dangers that threatned him, occaſioned by the Lord *Wilmot's* ſhort ſtay there, after the Kings departure. For one *Hamnet* a Smith, being called to ſhoe his Lordſhips horſe, ſaid, He well knew by the faſhion of the ſhoes, that they were never ſet in the Weſt, but in the North. The Hoſtler (a bird of the ſame feather) hearing this, began to tell what Company had been there, how they ſate up, and kept their horſes ſadled all the night; and from hence they conclude, That either the King, or ſome Great Perſons had certainly been at the Inne. The Hoſtler (whoſe heart was ſoured againſt the King) runs preſently to one *Weſtley* (of the ſame leaven) then Miniſter of *Charmouth*, to inform him of theſe Paſſages, and to ask counſel what was to be done. This *Weſtley* was at his Morning Exerciſe, and being ſomthing long-winded, [*And by the way it may be obſerved, that*

long

long Prayers proceeding from a Traiterous heart, once did good, but by accident onely] the Hoſtler, unwilling to loſe his reward at the Gentlemans taking horſe, returns without doing his errand. As ſoon as my Lord was mounted and gone, *Hannet* tells *Weſtley* of the diſcourſe between himſelf and the Hoſtler. Away comes *Weſtley* upon full ſpeed to the Inne, and (almoſt out of breath) asks the woman of the houſe, what Gueſts ſhe had entertained that night? She ſaid, They were all ſtrangers to her, ſhe knew them not. I tell you then (ſaid he) one of them was the King. Then haſtily turning away from her, he and *Hannet* ran to *Mr. Butler* of *Commer* (then Juſtice of Peace) to have him diſpatch abroad his Warrants to raiſe the Country for the apprehending of the King, and thoſe perſons the laſt night with him at *Charmouth*. But he ſpends his mouth in vain, a deaf ear is turned upon him, no Warrant would be iſſued forth. This check given to his zeal ſo vexed him, that it had like to have cauſed a ſuffocation, had not Captain *Maſſey* (as errant a Hotſpur as himſelf) given it vent, by raiſing a Party

and

and pursuing the King upon *London*-Road. But God preserved his Majesty by diverting him to *Broadwindsor*, whilst *Massey* and his hot-mettled company outran their Prey as far as *Dorchester*. And indeed, the report of the Kings being at *Charmouth*, was grown so common, that the Soldiers (lying in those parts) search'd the houses of several Gentlemen, who were accounted Royalists, thinking to surprize him. Amongst which, *Pilesdon* (the house of Sir *Hugh Wyndham* Uncle to Colonel *Francis Wyndham*) was twice rifled. They took the old Baronet, his Lady, Daughters, and whole Family, and set a Guard upon them in the Hall, whilst they examine every corner, not sparing either Trunk or Box. Then taking a particular view of their Prisoners, they seize a lovely young Lady, saying, she was the King disguised in womens apparel. At length being convinced of their gross and rude mistake, they desisted from offering any farther violence to that Family. And here it is much to be observed, that the same day the King went from *Charmouth*, Captain *Elesden* came to *Pilesdon*, and enquired of

Sir

Sir *Hugh* and his Lady for the King and Colonel, confidently affirming that they muſt needs be there.

His Majeſty having with an evenneſs of ſpirit gotten through this rough paſſage, ſafely anchored at *Broadwindſor*: Where at length enjoying ſome reſt, he commands the Colonel to give his opinion what courſe was to be taken, as the face of affairs then looked. The Colonel (ſeeing Forces drawn every where upon that ſhore) thought it very hazardous to attempt any thing more in *Dorſetſhire*; and therefore humbly beſought his Majeſty, that he would be pleaſed to retreat to *Trent*: He hoped his Majeſty was already ſatisfied in the fidelity of his ſervants; and that he doubted not, his Majeſty might lie ſecurely in that Creek, till it was fair weather, and a good ſeaſon to put forth to Sea. He humbly adviſed, that *Peters* might conduct the Lord *Wilmot* to *Mr Huit's* houſe at the *Kings-Arms* in *Sarum*, where he and many of his friends had been ſheltered in the time of troubles. That *Peters* (being at *Sarum*) ſhould by a private token bring his Lordſhip to *Mr John Coventry* (his Kinſman)

man) a Person Noble, Wise, and Loyal, with whom he had kept Intelligence in order to the Kings service, ever since his Majesty had set foot in *Scotland*; That he was assured *Mr Coventry* would think himself highly honoured to correspond in this matchless employment, *The King's Preservation*. He desired the Lord *Wilmot* to be confident of lying concealed; And likewise to treat with *Mr Coventry*, and by *Peters* (to return his Majesty an account how he found that Gentleman affected towards this service.

This counsel being well relished and approved, 'twas resolved, That between *Sarum* and *Trent* (lying 30 miles distant and better) an Intercourse should be kept by trusty messengers, and a secret way of writing, to avoid danger in case of interception. All things being thus concluded, the King left his jovial Host at *Broadwindsor*, and returned with the Colonel and *Mr Conings by* to *Trent*. The Lord *Wilmot* with *Peters* went that night to *Sherborn*, and the next morning was waited on by *Swan* (who attended his Lordship to the Colonels) and that day got into *Sarum*; where he soon saluted *Mr Coventry*, in all

things fully answering his Lordships expectation: And (the 25. of *September*) *Petens* was sent back with this joyful message from the Lord *Wilmot* to his Majesty, That he doubted not (by *Mr Coventry*'s assistance, and those recommended by him) to be able in some short time to effect his desires.

Whilst his Sacred Majesty enjoys his peace at *Trent*, and the Lord *Wilmot* (with those other Worthies) is busied at *Sarum* to procure its continuation, It cannot be impertinent to mention a Circumstance or two, which inserted in the midst of the web and texture of this Story would have looked unhandsom, but added as a fringe may prove ornamental.

Upon the Sunday morning after the King came to *Trent*, a Tailor of the Parish informed the Colonel, That the Zealots [which swarmed in that place] discoursed overnight, that Persons of Quality were hid in his house, and that they intended to search and seise them; and therefore he desired the Colonel (if any such there were) to convey them thence, to avoid surprisal. The Colonel (rewarding the good man for his care and kind-

ness

ness towards himself and family) told him, That his Kinsman (meaning the *L. Wilmot*) was not private, but publick in his house, (for so his Lordship pleased to be) and that he believed he would shew himself in the Church at the time of Prayers. When the honest fellow was gone, the Colonel acquaints the King what had passed between himself and the Tailor, and withall besought his Majesty to perswade the *Lord Wilmot* to accompany him to Church, thinking by this means not only to lessen the jealousie, but also to gain the good opinion of some of the Fanaticks, who would be apt to believe, that the Colonel was rather brought to Church by my Lord, then his Lordship by the Colonel, who seldom came to that Place, since Faction and Rebellion had justled out, and kept possession against Peace and Religion. He alledged moreover, that he sate in an Ile distinct from the body of the Congregation, so that the Parishioners could not take a full view of any of his company. These reasons, joined with his Majesties command, prevailed with his Lordship; and (though he thought it a bold adventure, yet) it not only allayed the

fury, but also took out the very sting of those wasps; insomuch that they who the last night talked of nothing but searching, began now to say, that *Cromwell's* late success against the King, had made the Colonel a Convert.

All being now quiet about home, the Colonels Lady (under a pretence of a Visit) goes over to *Sherborn* to hear what news there was abroad of the King. And towards evening, at her return, a Troop of horse clapt privately into the town. This silent way of entring their Quarters, in so triumphant a time, gave a strong alarm to this careful Lady, whose thoughts were much troubled concerning her Royal Guest. A stop she made to hearken out what brought them thither, and whither they were bound: But not one grain of Intelligence could be procured by the most industrious enquiry. When she came home, she gave his Majesty an account of many stories, which like flying clouds were blown about by the breath of the people, striving to cover her trouble with the vail of cheerfulness. But this the King perceiving to be rather forced then free, as at other times, was earnest to know the cause of her discomposure. And

to

to satisfie his Majesties importunity, she gave him a full relation of the Troop at *Sherborn*: At which his Majesty laughed most heartily, as if he had not been in the least concerned. Yet upon a serious debate of the matter, the Colonel and his Lady supplicated the King to take a view of his Privy chamber, into which he was perswaded to enter, but came presently forth again, much pleased, that upon the least approach of danger, he could thither retreat with an assurance of security. All that night the Colonel kept strict watch in his house, and was the more vigilant, because he understood from *Sherborn*, that the Troop intended not to quarter there, but only to refresh themselves and march. And accordingly (not so much as looking towards *Trent*) about two of the clock next morning, they removed towards the Sea-coast. This fear being over, the King rested all the time of his stay at *Trent*, without so much as the apprehension of a disturbance.

The strangeness of which will be much increased by the addition of what a Captain who served under *Cromwell* at *Worcester*, reported to two Divines of undoubted veracity, long before the King's blessed Restauration: That he was followed and troubled with Dreams for three nights

nights together, That the King was hid at *Trent* near *Sherborn*, in a houſe nigh to which ſtood a Grove or patch of trees, and that thither he ſhould go and find him. This ſuggeſtion thus reiterated, was a powerful ſpur to prick him forwards: But the hand which held the reins and kept him back, was irreſiſtible.

Now the hands of his Majeſties enemies were not only reſtrained from doing him evil, but the hands of his friends were ſtrengthened to do him good. In order to which, Colonel *Eward Phelips* of *Montacute* in the County of *Somerſet*, came from *Sarum* to his Majeſty (*Septemb.* 28.) with this intelligence, That his brother Colonel *Robert Phelips* was employed to *Southampton* to procure a Veſſel, of whoſe tranſaction his Majeſty ſhould receive a ſpeedy account.

In the mean time, Captain *Thomas Littleton* (a Neighbour of Colonel *Wyndham*) was diſpatch'd up into *Hampſhire*, where by the aid of *Mr. Standiſh* he dealt with the Maſter of a Ship, who undertook to carry off the Lord *Wilmot* and his company, upon the condition his Lordſhip would follow his direction. But the hope of Colonel *Phelips* his good ſucceſs at *Hampton* daſh'd this enterpriſe, and the Captain was remanded to *Trent*, and to make no progreſs till farther order.

Upon

Upon the first of *October*, *Mr. John Sellick* (Chaplain to *Mr. Coventry*) brought a Letter to his Majesty. In answer to which the King wrote back, That he desired all diligence might be used in providing a Vessel; and if it should prove difficult at *Hampton*, trial should be made farther: That they should be ascertained of a Ship before they sent to remove him, that so he might run no more hazards then what of necessity he must meet with in his passage from *Trent* to the place of his Transportation.

October the fifth, Colonel *Phelips* came from the Lord *Wilmot* and *Mr. Coventry* to his Majesty with this assurance, That all things were ready; And that he had informed himself with the most private ways, that so he might with greater probability of safety guide his Majesty to the Sea-side. Assoon as the King heard this message, He resolved upon his Journey. Colonel *Wyndham* earnestly petitions his Majesty, that he might wait on him to the shore: But his Majesty gave no grant, saying, It was no way necessary, and might prove very inconvenient. Upon the renewing his request, the King commanded the contrary, but sweetned his denial with this promise, That if he were put to any distress, he would again retreat to *Trent*.

About

About ten next morning (*October* the sixth) his Majesty took leave of the old Lady *Wyndham*, the Colonels Lady and Family, not omitting the meanest of them that served him. But to the good old Lady he vouchsafed more then an ordinary respect, who accounted it her highest honour, that she had three Sons and one Grandchild slain in the defence of the Father, and that she her self in her old age had been instrumental in the protection of the Son, Both Kings of *England*.

Thus his Sacred Majesty, taking *Mrs. Juliana Coningsby* behind him, attended by Colonel *Robert Phelips*, and *Peters*, bade Farewel to *Trent*, the Ark in which God shut him up, when the Floods of Rebellion had covered the face of his Dominions. Here he rested Nineteen days, to give his faithful Servants time to work his deliverance; And the Almighty crowned their endeavours with success, that his Majesty might live to appear as Glorious in his Actions, as Couragious in his Sufferings.

FINIS.